Boy The muſique is come ſir. *enter muſicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play ſirs, ſit on my knee Doll, a raſcall bragging ſlaue! the rogue fled from me like quickſiluer.

Dol Yfaith and thou followdſt him like a church, thou horſon little tydee Bartholemew boarepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not ſpeake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol They ſay Poines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury muſtard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol Why does the prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very ſmoothe like vnto the ſigne of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories, and ſuch other gambole faculties a has that ſhow a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another, the weight of a haire wil turne ſcales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out liue performance.

Falſt. Kiſſe me Doll.

Prince